

Terms of Subscription.
Five Dollars and fifty cents paid in advance.
No paper discontinued until arrears are paid, except at the option of the publishers. No subscription received for less than twelve months.
We will pay the postage on letters containing Five Dollars and upwards, and money may be remitted through the mail at our risk. The Postmaster's certificate of such remittance shall be a sufficient receipt therefor.
Letters to the proprietors on business connected with this establishment, must be post paid.

OUR CIRCULATION.

We mean to keep the following paragraph standing for the benefit of all whom it may concern: "The Wilmington Journal" circulates upwards of five hundred copies weekly. Its circulation in the town of Wilmington is as large as that of any other paper published in the place. We would further state that its circulation in the counties which trade to this place is three times as large as that of any other paper published in North Carolina, and that its list is daily increasing. We say, therefore, without the fear of contradiction, that it is the best vehicle for advertising which the people of Wilmington can select. One other observation. We think, that although a large majority of the readers of the "Journal" are Democrats, still occasionally do a little trading, as well as the readers of the other papers. We have written the above merely for the information of those who are most deeply interested—business men of all professions and all political creeds—WHO WANT CUSTOMERS.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

Post Office, Wilmington.
NORTHERN MAIL, by Rail Road, due daily at 10 A. M., and close at 10 every night.
SOUTHERN MAIL, by Steamer from Charleston, is due daily at 8 A. M., and closes at 11 A. M. every day.
FAVRETTVILLE MAIL, by Rail Road, is due on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 3 P. M., and closes on same days at 10 at night.
FAVRETTVILLE MAIL, by Prospect Hall, Elizabethtown, Westboro, and Robinson, is due on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 9 A. M., and closes on same days at 10 P. M.
SMITHVILLE MAIL, by Steamer, is due daily at 8 A. M., and closes at 12 P. M. every day.
TAYLOR'S BRIDGE, LONG CREEK, MOORE'S CREEK, BLACK RIVER, CHASE, and HARRIS'S CREEK, is due every Thursday at 6 P. M., and closes every night at 10.
OSWEGO COURT HOUSE, STUMP SPRING, and TOPSAIL, is due every Monday at 4 P. M., and closes every Thursday night at 10 P. M.

PRINTING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Neatly executed and with dispatch, on liberal terms for cash, at the
JOURNAL OFFICE.

DAVID FULTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

EDWARD CANTWELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
Commissioner of Deeds for South Carolina,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
June 19, 1846.—[40-4f.]

GILLESPE & ROBESON
Continue the AGENCY business, and will make liberal advances on consignments of
Lumber, Naval Stores, &c. &c.
Wilmington, August 18, 1845.

JOHN HALL,
(LATE OF WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.)
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
AND AGENT FOR THE SALE OF
NORTH CAROLINA NAVAL STORES,
33 GRAVIER STREET, New Orleans.
Jan. 8, 1847.—[17-3a]

MYERS & BARNUM,
Manufacturers & Dealers in
HATS AND CAPS.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
MARKET STREET—Wilmington, N. C.

GEORGE W. DAVIS,
Commission and Forwarding
MERCHANT,
LONDON'S WHARF, WILMINGTON, N. C.

ROBT. G. BARNETT,
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Liberal advances made on shipments to his friends in New York.
September 21, 1844. 1-f.

NOTICE.
A T April Term of Duplin County Court, the subscriber having qualified as Executor to the late Will and Testament of the Rev. PETER CARLTON, dec'd, requests all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment of their respective dues and all those having claims against said estate, are notified to present them, duly authenticated, within the time limited by law, or the estate will be placed in the hands of the JAMES PEARSALL, Ex'r.
April 30, 1847.—[33-4f]

PALE ALE—50 dozen Pale Ale, pints and quarts. For sale low at
[A30] HOWARD & PEDEN'S.

SUGARS—New Orleans, St. Croix, Loaf, Powdered and Crushed, at
[A30] HOWARD & PEDEN'S.

FOR SALE.
A COUPLE of likely Negro fellows. Terms made known on application to
MILES COSTIN.
April 23, 1847.—[32f]

BOSTON CRACKERS—20 Canisters
Ben's Boston Crackers. For sale at
[A30] HOWARD & PEDEN'S.

SEAGRASS AND TOBACCO—50,000 Seagras, assorted Brands—Tobacco in all varieties, at
HOWARD & PEDEN'S.

COMMITTED
TO the Jail of Duplin County, on Thursday, 23d of April, the following described NEGROES—
BILL JOHNSON, aged 28 years, 5 feet 10 inches high, left eye out—a black.
ALLEN BANKS, aged 35 years, 5 feet 6 inches high—a mulatto.
BETSEY BANKS, (who says she is wife to said Allen,) aged 25 years, 5 feet 4 inches high, straight hair, also a mulatto.
These Negroes assert that they are free, but having no papers or other evidence to establish their freedom, they have been committed to Jail as runaway slaves. All persons having claim to said Negroes will come forward and prove the same, or they will be dealt with as the law directs.
JOHN B. HUSSEY, Jailor.
April 30, 1847.—[33-4f]

SACK SALT—50 sacks Liverpool ground Salt, at
HOWARD & PEDEN'S.

FLOUR—10 barrels Canal, 10 half do. do. 30 lbs. Fayetteville, at
[A30] HOWARD & PEDEN'S.

SOAP—50 Boxes Colgate SOAP; 10 do. Pearl Starch, at
[A30] HOWARD & PEDEN'S.

JUST LANDED, 800 barrels fresh Hyacinth Lime. Also, Cane Plaster, Hydraulic Cement, Plastering Hair, and Fire Brick. For sale by
J. C. & R. B. WOOD.
May 7, 1847. 31-f

Wilmington Journal.

DAVID FULTON, Editor.

VOL. 3.—NO. 35.

GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND LIBERTY.

WILMINGTON, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1847.

TERMS: \$2 50 in advance.

WHOLE NO. 139.

Terms for Advertising.
PER SQUARE OF SIXTEEN LINES OR LESS.
One square one insertion, \$1 00
do. do. 2 insertions, 1 25
do. do. 3 do., 1 50
do. do. 3 months without change, 3 00
do. do. 6 do. do., 4 50
do. do. 12 do. do., 6 00
do. do. 6 do. renewed weekly, 18 00
do. do. 12 do. do., 20 00
A liberal discount will be made on advertisements exceeding one square, when published for 12 months, cash in advance.
If the number of insertions are not marked on the advertisement, they will be continued until ordered out, and charged for accordingly.
All advertisements required to be PAID FOR IN ADVANCE.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF WILMINGTON.

THE organization of this institution having taken place, in conformity to its Charter, books of Subscription are now opened at the Bank of Cape Fear in this place for balance of capital stock.
O. G. FARSELY, Pres't.
April 3, 1847.—[33-4f]

RIO AND LAQUIRA COFFEE—10 bags Rio; 10 do. Laguira; 5 do Java, [A30] at HOWARD & PEDEN'S.

Pickles, Preserves, Vinegar, &c.
50 CASES Underwood's Pickles, assorted, 10 Preserves, all varieties, 1 French Mustard, 1 English 1 Brandy Cherries, 1 Peaches, 1 Lime Juice, 1 Lemon Syrup, 1 Taragon Vin gar, 1 Paoli 1 Raspberry

Pepper Sauce, Catsup, Horse Radish, &c. For sale low, at
[A30] HOWARD & PEDEN'S.

NOTICE.
Valuable Lands For Sale.

THE subscriber having qualified as Executor to the last Will and Testament of the Rev. PETER CARLTON, dec'd, will sell, on Thursday, the 10th of June, the Red House plantation, near Richard Strickland's, in Duplin county, a tract of Land containing about 700 acres, on which about two tasks of new boxes can be cut. Said tract lies near the Rail Road, and has valuable Timber, with some cleared land, in bad repair, and a tolerable good old dwelling house. Also, on the same day and place, I shall offer for sale a tract of Land called the Jacob Matthews Tract, on the waters of Rockfish, containing about 263 acres Pine Land. Those wishing to purchase, would do well to look for themselves before the day of sale. I would refer such to Richard Strickland, who lives near the Red House Tract, and Jacob Wells, sr., who lives near the Jacob Matthews Tract. There will be a short credit given, with notes and unquestionable securities required. Terms made known on the day of sale.
JAMES PEARSALL, Ex'r.
April 30, 1847.—[33-4f]

LIST OF LETTERS,
REMAINING in the Post Office at Wilmington, on the 30th of April, 1847.

Those whose names appear on this list, are requested to ask for delivery of Letters.

Anderson, miss M E
Aloss, Richard
Artis, Clinton

Barker, Joseph
Barclay, miss S E
Brothers, John
Beasley, John
Boon, Perry 2
Bryan, miss M A 3
Burney, Mr B 2
Brown, miss Nacky
Brothers, R
Boyn, Caroline 3
Bryant, miss S E
Beroni, E
Bradman, Seth C 2
Brantly, J N
Byron, J

Cambell, Nancy
Candell, Encampment,
Corrines, Warren
Charlotte, John

Davis, T S
Davis, H B

Evans, miss Lucy A
Ellerson, Billy

Fall, John
Fitch, J B
Foy, H W
Faucett, W H

Gray, Rev Henry 2
Gilbert, Samuel
Gates, Hardy

Hill, Wm
Hill, Thomas
Hill, Balem
Herron, J T
Harris, James
Hansley, miss E
Hubbuck, John
Haskel, Albert
Hilliard, J R

Jones, Geo M
Jenkins, Philip
Jeffrey, J
Jussely, John
Johnson, Chas 3
Jones, George

King, J W 2
Keoh, B

Lawrence, J R
Larkins, W R 2
Lafayette, R J

Melkin, W L 2
Mitchell, James
Moore, Sarah
Meeks, S
McKean, W T
Miller, miss
Merrick, J W 3
Mitchell, Susan
Mindall, A

Nelson, John
Nixon, John C
Newel, miss Susan
Nash, Lafayette

Pickett, miss E G
Pickett, miss B
Putnam, John
Pattin, Thomas W
Payne, John H
Pariss, M
Pelligrine, John
Porter, James 2

Rogers, Capt Luther
Rhea, R M G W
Rush, A
Register, mr

Sellers, R L
Sellers, J M
Shaw, C H
Striffin, J 2
Sellers, Bryant
Slocum, W R
Stevens, C H
Stevens, A A

Totman, W C 2
Tucker, Romio

Vernon, Edwin
Walton, James
Walton, Perry
Williams, R
Wallace, Anna
Waddle, miss Francis 3
Wadsworth, W C

Wm C. BETTENCOURT, P. M.

THE JOURNAL.

Written for the Wilmington Journal.
Fatality of Disappointed Love.
BY A SANFONIAN.

There is a spark in the human bosom which, with some, lies dormant and deeply hidden, while with others it exists in the more exposed and elevated region of the passions. When blown into a flame it lights up the general impulse of life, manifesting itself in every thought, every word, every action. 'Tis often suffered to smoulder among infernal vapors of bitter thought and contemplation; the consequences of which are fatal, for it drives up the current of life. It has but one antidote: its success in communicating with, and kindling into flame, the dormant ardor from which it caught fire, when it is lost in visions of imaginary bliss. In the one instance it is a sweetening poison to vitality, while in the other 'tis a withering of human existence.

It is seldom that any study frame of the male part of the human family is more than temporarily affected. Man, like the harpy oak of the forest, will bend beneath the whirling blast of the tempest until it passes away, when he will lift himself and brighten up again into sunshine. But with woman it often grows into malady. She may be likened to the tender twig which clings for support and protection to the more aboriginal growth of the wood, but which, in some hurricane, is torn furiously away and cast off to die, neglected and forgotten.

This may, perhaps, be viewed, by those who are less ardent in their nature than myself, as a wild delusion of the fancy; and I too, as they might probably be had of persuasion, had I not once witnessed its practical demonstration in the decline of a fair and lovely female, the only child of a widowed mother, whose woe-begone appearance led me to make inquiry concerning the cause. Others pretended to be blind and unable to discover any certain cause of her gradual declension, while I, from the information given by my earnest inquiry and my careful observation of every symptom by which the cause of her indisposition could be traced out, was successful in at once detecting, prying upon the very core of her heart, the poisonous worm of disappointed love. The cause, I thought, should have been known to all those, at least, who were familiar with the attributes of female character, or were at all addicted to close observation. It was at least no stranger to her own bosom, of which it had too long been a reigning inhabitant.

It was heart-rending, it was agonizing, it was soul-piercing, to behold the gradual withering of a tender bud, so lovely in its simplicity, the freshness of which had been, by the ruthless touch of some careless hand, turned into the meagre and pallid form of fading beauty. Yes! The once modest and beautiful, but now withering bud, had just begun to steal bashfully forth from its green velvety casement into a lovely flower. But ere it matured, the chilling blast of an untimely winter wilted and weighed down its beautiful form.

It finally decayed, and fell listlessly from the stem of its support, deserting, with an air of serene and passive composure, its lovely and blooming companions, leaving them in weeping attitude, to droop over and mourn its sudden and untimely downfall, and exposing, but alas too late for remedy, the black worm that had sucked out its life.

An unexpressed intimacy existed between JULIA (for that was her name) and myself. She herself had no thought but my bosom was made its depository; no girlish desire but I was the medium through which she accomplished its gratification; no design but she made me its executor, and why should she now refuse to lean upon me as a secret stay and solace in these her hours of agony.

I had discovered the hidden channel through which the current of her life was gradually coursing itself into darkness, flowing ruggedly every moment of her happiness, and converting her youthful hopes into bitter contemplations, and her dreams of love into thoughts of misery.

Although the unhappy attachment had been formed between herself and one of my relations, he did not even hint to me that he had been opposed in his love; but, as I supposed, endeavored to conceal his mortification with repeated and fruitless attempts at cheerfulness. After having secretly gazed at all the circumstances connected with the case, I determined to pay her a visit, which I accordingly did.

My arrival was, as anticipated, greeted with joy, and the hearty welcome of the mother at first inspired me with the hope that my secret and unknown designs would at last wear the crown of success; but a little reflection taught me the fallacy of hope—'tis all form with her, I thought, while the father of the daughter is the pure impulse of the heart.

The beautiful little Julia ran and met me at a wicket gate that opened upon the yard, with one of those bewitching smiles that had been the ornament of her angel face in her moments of ly-gone gladness, and which had stolen its way back from the dark dungeon of misery in which it had been pent up, through some portal which the strength of her joy at my wished for, though unexpected arrival, had forced open. But the agony of her bosom had been too firmly located to be cheated so easily out of its existence. Misery forced itself again upon her memory, and the smile of joy fell back into its dark dungeon of sorrow, like an innocent victim disappointed in escape.

Her rapid attempts at cheerfulness, her repeated endeavors to smile away from her lovely features those traces of misery which the premature arrival of life's sorrows had marked, too plainly told that the cup of her bosom's gladness had been drained of its last sweet, and supplied with the gall of bitterness.

The whole of her conversation, during the evening, was filled with suppressed and unconscious sighs, while she endeavored to make herself agreeable, with an occasional forced and unnatural smile, and in which she would try to point the language of joy; but ere she could succeed, some minister of disappointed hope would blacken the pure whiteness of its nature, and throw it back a condemned sheet in the dark portfolio of misery; covering its accursed place of beauty with traces of the deepest anguish.

Why, I thought, can I not now rule that spirit which had ever before yielded unresistingly to the mild force of my persuasion? Why has she suffered her reason to expire and sink down into the ponderous burdens of the useless cares of this miserable existence? And why has she suffered the black cloud of rising sorrow to obscure the

brilliant meridian of her approaching womanhood?

The mother's attention being at length drawn to her household affairs, I proposed to Julia a ramble in the grove, which had been neatly trimmed and adjusted by her father before his death. Growing in the rear of the large white dwelling, and which was set off in its front with cedars and large lumbarly poplars, towering majestically, as tho' they were endeavoring to pierce the broad azure sky.

We set out, and when we had gained the grove I offered her my arm, which she accepted.

The sun had nearly set, and was gradually drawing its last golden rays over the surface of a broad blue bank of western cloud, behind which it had prematurely concealed itself, throwing a reflection from the yellow horizon that gave all nature a melancholy countenance, and which gradually lessened away before the same visage of approaching night.

The period which nature herself seemed to have prescribed as the evening of daily labor, had arrived. The birds of the day were hurrying off in scattered numbers to their accustomed places of rest, while those of the night were already beginning to hoot from the darkly clustered branches of the grove trees. The harsh notes of the merry cricket, the only noise by which the reigning silence was broken, fell (almost inaudibly upon our hearing,) and united in giving the surrounding scenery an air of gloomy quiet.

No word had been uttered since we entered the grove; it was indeed a silence that seemed to prepare the soul for reflection.

Though I was upon the point of introducing some subject, by which I thought there was a probability of being led into a discussion of the topic of her miseries, when I felt upon my hand, which, for some cause, I had partially extended, falling, in quick succession, the warm drops of her tears.

Mercy, I thought, is there no balm in Gilead—there is none ministering angel to quiet the turbulence of thy spirit, which seems to have assumed the form of a demon, to prey upon and consume thy gentle nature. I saw that she was desirous of concealing this irrepressible outpouring of her soul, and which told too plainly that her life was gradually ebbing out in drops of agony.

We continued silently on our way until we arrived at a place where the light of the sky was thrown glaringly through an opening upon a small vacant spot, which had been made by the falling of one of the grove trees.

She seated herself upon the trunk of the fallen tree, seeming to have partially aroused herself from the melancholy into which she had fallen, the burden of which, upon her tender bosom, had been slightly lessened, through the aid of her flowing grief.

"O, cousin!" she at length broke forth, with enthusiasm, "what a beautiful place for reflection. Nature herself, seems to have set it apart for that purpose." Here she endeavored to encourage the delusive transport with a smile, but it was scarcely visible before it vanished.

"Ay, cousin," I replied, "what a pity it is that the entire world seems to be lost to proper and serious reflection—that reflection which should guide us as a beacon in the path of rectitude."

"Yes," she continued, "tis but a world of misery and trouble, and we should esteem it as but a short probation and temporary existence, to prepare for a brilliant futurity."

"You are almost a Christian," I rejoined, somewhat mirthfully, as a means to probe the wound of her heart, that I might learn whether conversation upon the subject of her unfortunate attachment, possessed the virtue of a healing or galling application. She gave me a glance that wound up my soul into wretchedness—it was laden with the bitterness of love and disappointment.

"O, that I were," she said. "Were it not for one, I could then willingly close my eyes without a pang upon this world of sin and sorrow."

'Twas had already begun to deepen into night, and we slowly wound our way back through the dark shade of the grove.

Some minutes before my departure in the morning, we were alone; I again endeavored to lead her into the subject, for a discussion of which I visited her, with the hope of recalling her from the melancholy fate that seemed to hang like a dark and threatening cloud over her existence.

She expressed quite a degree of disappointment at my early departure, and said she never expected to see me again. My visit, in fact, was but a call, for pressing business demanded my speedy presence in the upper country, and would not allow the indulgence even of a moment's tarry.

I expressed utter astonishment at so strange, and what I pretended to believe, a groundless conclusion, though it was a fine opening to the subject. As such she might probably have intended it, and I should have embraced it had I not deemed it unwise, fearing, after such words, that any hint, however guarded, might wear some aspect tending to encourage her opinion, which I knew would but deepen her agony and consume more speedily her tender vitality.

I was astonished and aggravated at the bluntness of my own perception, and had it not been for the urgency of my business, I should have returned with some feigned excuse, and made one more effort to heal that wounded heart; that bleeding bosom in the joy of which once existed the very life of my delight.

But it was too late, and the probability was that I should never see her again, unless speed could bring me once more in her presence. I accordingly determined to hasten and despatch my business with all possible alacrity.

During my absence she occupied my whole thought, and my solicitude for her welfare, conspired to make my journey one unbroken continuity of wretched contemplation.

The period of eleven days found me again near the place of the long wished for interview, for I had determined to expose to her the folly of her grief, and retrieve her, if possible, from this strange spell of wretchedness; but one turn more of the road and the white dwelling would break like a spectre before me.

The sudden clattering of horses' hoofs, aroused me from the deep reverie into which I had fallen a moment past, and my hand met the warm grasp of an old friend, and an inmate of the family before mentioned.

Our conversation was upon every topic save that I have been describing; that I evaded, for I was afraid to ask of Julia. It was, indeed, my desire, but my hearing heart proved faithless to my will. I endeavored to find the language of melancholy, in his words, his actions, and his outward demeanor; but there was a mirth in all that hid me hope. Though he was not easily affected, yet he had a generous nature.

Poor Julia, I at length, with a groan of firmness, broke forth; it would indeed be idle to ask if she has recovered, but is she better. His response was solemn and heart-rending; it is all that is left, and can be told in few and simple words.

The day after my departure she fell into a sudden decline. Her reason, he continued, did not forsake her until the last, though at times she would seat herself at one of the front windows, and would gaze long and silently upon the wild scenery without, appearing to be wrapt in profound thought. She would then seem to awake as if from a dream, and would walk listlessly across the room backward and forth, humming a plaintive little air, the simplicity of which was enough to melt the heart of adamant into sympathy.

On the following morning she did not leave her chamber; the debility consequent upon her growing malady, had gained the mastery, and she sank mildly into its grasp with the conscious innocence of the lamb into the hungry power of the ravenous wolf.

Her mother did not until then, learn of previous indisposition which she had ingeniously managed to conceal, and with the veil of her once modest affection, but with a desire to hold from her a painful truth, the darkness of which would change her very life into bitterness.

"She should have known it," I feelingly interrupted; "and should know further, that her own ungenerous inflexibility is the original cause of all." Here my friend undeceived me, perceiving through this loud invective, the error into which I had fallen.

"The mother," said he, "would have given her all, could she have been allowed the favor of granting her concurrence; but it is the fruit of the foul and fiendish conduct of her vile and faithless lover."

"Pause, for my sake!" he said, "your meaning, now I know it all. Heaven forgive the wretch," was all that I could utter, for it broke like an icy bath upon me, and convinced me of the truth of my conjecture, that notwithstanding her seeming diffidence, it was still her desire to make to me some disclosure before my departure.

"Her rapid decline," he continued, "increased alarm, and in the evening a physician was called. He pronounced her beyond the reach of medical aid, and acknowledged his own inability to discover the mysterious cause of so scathing a malady."

Late in the evening she desired the lattice to be thrown open, that the view upon the road might be unobstructed, and would lie silently, and gaze long and earnestly upon the avenue, repeating at intervals, in almost inaudible accents, for her voice too, was rapidly sinking, "I shall never see him again." It drove a dagger to my soul, for I knew that I was the one to whom she alluded, and it told me in tones that rung upon my ear like peals of thunder, that it was even her last desire to disclose to me something, I knew not what, and that my own useless reserve had conspired to her misery.

Was it her desire to impart to me the sad, and as yet hidden reality, with the desperate hope, that it was in my power alone to recall her monster lover to a sense of truth and virtue, to a renewal of the love he had prostituted, and of those vows he had broken? The question is asked, but alas, too late, for there is now no one to respond.

Her mother's growing alarm, forced upon her the painful necessity of disclosing to the Doctor what she had discovered, and knew to be the cause of her daughter's illness. His astonishment and regret may be easily imagined without the assistance of description. "I am more firmly convinced now," he said, "of the fallacy of hope; her disease will irretrievably prove fatal; her strength is rapidly declining, and she can survive but a short time."

"Sheat length," my friend continued, "turned her head from the window, arising as if from a trance, calling for her work basket, pen, ink and paper—the Doctor asked her if his pencil would not answer."

She nodded her head in silent assent. He gave it to her with a half sheet of paper; she wrote but a few words, and seemed to have accomplished her desire. She enclosed something in the note that she had taken from her basket, sealed, directed, and delivered it with her own hand to her mother.

A sudden change came over her. The organs of speech seemed to have forsaken their office, though she retained a degree of physical power. About this time a light tap was heard at the door, a servant boy delivered a note; it was directed to Julia. She gazed upon it as though she knew its purport, and it was a matter of short discussion, whether it would be judicious to deliver it. The Doctor said it could do no possible harm, and that it might probably contain some healing balm beyond their reach.

The seal was accordingly broken, and the letter presented to the expiring girl. It seemed that benign Providence had allotted

to her the portion of strength she manifested in perusing the letter, for this exclusive purpose—She glanced over it with a quick and dying glance, a forgiving smile of returning joy lit up her heavenly countenance, it gradually faded away, and she closed her eyes in death.

The letter fell from her unclosed hands upon the floor, her mother seized and read it with a hurried glance, and throwing it into the hands of the Doctor, burst into a transport of agony.

The letter was as follows:

"MY FORSAKEN AND DEEPLY INJURED JULIA:—If in words there exists the power of imparting truth, believe me, and hear, O, hear my implorations. My very thoughts are turned into miniatures of sorrow; and why should they not rise as a black cloud, to obscure the horizon of my earthly joys, when I know that I have brought upon your unsuspecting girlhood, and at a single blow, those sorrows, the weight of which could not be surpassed, should your whole life have been one tissue of sad disaster. I am miserable, and how can I be otherwise? I have not caused those bright eyes to grow dim? Have I not chased from those soft cheeks, the modest tints of health, and in a word checked that delicate form to fade into the shadow of death, to fall into the grave? There is but one balm, say you, to forgive me—'tis all I implore."

Your deeply repentant lover,
"HARRY TOMSON."

A pause ensued, and my friend at length informed me, that he had the note of which he had spoken; it was addressed, he said, to me.

"To me?" I inquired, with a degree of astonishment.

"Yes, to you. Her mother has left home and gave it to me, requesting that I should deliver it to you at the earliest possible period, saying it was her desire to know its contents."

"And why did you not deliver it sooner?" I asked.

"Be not too sanguine," he thought, too mirthfully rejoined, "it may contain sad tidings."

"I knew not but it would be better to conceal its contents, and upon its delivery I placed it away."

Our conversation afterwards was but short. We parted; I seized the note and burst its seal. A beautiful braided lock of hair fell into my hand. "Remember me," was all the note contained, but O how much—how deeply touching.

The fountains of my grief were broken up, and indeed I felt relieved, for burning tears, the relief that nature gives to sorrow, had partially removed the congealed mass of bitter thought, that seemed to lie with the weight of a mountain upon my bosom.

I looked upon this simple gift as greater than the greatest treasure the world could bestow; I placed it away, and looking up saw that I had nearly gained the deserted mansion.

I stole slowly by. The doors and windows were closed. The sweet spirit had vanished forever, and the mother had gone among her relations to seek comfort and solace.

There were the grove, the cedars, and the towering poplars, all, all seeming to wear the deep gloom of black mourning. The very fowls of the yard seemed to be conscious of the change.

No human being could be seen, save an old servant passing to and fro, and who had been left to the supervision of the household. The gloomy aspect was more than I could withstand; I hurried past, and soon lost sight of all.

From the Wilmington Union, April 26.

THE CONVENTION WITH HANOVER.

We congratulate the tobacco-growing, and, indeed, all the great interests of this country, upon the favorable influence which the treaty with Hanover is calculated to exercise. We were not wrong in the statement we made a few weeks since, when, noticing the resolutions of the legislature of Maryland requesting the administration to use